

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

SOCIETY GOSSIP BY LADY MARY

King Edward Extols the Hospitality of American Hostesses in London.

COMMENDS THEIR EXAMPLE.

To the Titled Dames of England Who Are Inclined to Shirk Their Responsibility.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—It was commonly said last summer that it was King Edward and the Americans who kept the London season going; in short, if it had not been for the Yankees we would have had no season at all. His majesty has been as angry as he can be when he likes with some of his most important British subjects for the manner in which they have backed out of doing any hospitalities on a large scale for several seasons past. He gave the Duchess of Portland a piece of his mind because she does nothing in the role of a London hostess. This lady hates society and lives the simple life, drinks only sour milk and exists on patent "foods." This summer, however, she will be forced into the social arena, as she has a young daughter to present who has already made her debut at the great ball for the king and queen of Spain at Welbeck Abbey.

When discussing with the duchess her duty towards society, the king said: "Just see what Americans do to keep things lively during the season. Look at the Whitelaw Reids, the Astors, Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Drexels and the Beattys. Why, were it not for them, there would practically be no season worth counting. Great titles and positions involve social obligations and it is wrong to shirk them."

SEEKS MATCH FOR SISTER.

Young Mrs. Astor is to do a great deal for her sister. She will have to take a town house on her own account as Astor wears like to feel that the Astor mansion in Carlton House Terrace is still his own and will only allow his daughter, Mrs. Spender Clay, to act as hostess there. Great efforts will be made by young Astor's wife to marry her sister brilliantly. She has expressed herself determined to accomplish it.

Mrs. Potter Palmer will make another great bid for popularity—and the presence of royalties at her parties next season. The summit of her social ambition is to entertain the king, but she has not yet been able to catch him. Many of her own country women here are very jealous of Mrs. Potter Palmer. This is one of the reasons why she has not made all the headway with society that she should have done. Again she is not as exclusive as she might be.

The Whitelaw Reids intend to make things livelier than ever at the American embassy. There is talk of a great deal of dancing. Jean Reid is one of the best dancers in the American set, and the men don't dare to loaf or make pillars of themselves as wall supports at the embassy balls.

All eyes will be centered on Warwick House, which will be out of the hands of the decorators in good time for the party. The wildest parties are going about in society as to what Miss Dodge means to do. Those who know her best say she will stagger the town.

LEADER OF THE COLONY.

As everyone knows Mrs. Kirkpatrick de Closeburn is a leader of the American colony in Paris. Her parties are unique and consequently famous. It is a matter of sheer delight to us to learn that she is likely to pitch her tent in Mayfair for the season of this year. We have been hearing from our friends who have had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Kirkpatrick de Closeburn on the other side of the channel of the rare fun to be found at her gatherings. It appears she makes a point of inviting the most amusing and quaint creatures she can find from all sorts of conditions. Isn't it a lovely idea? Darling does not qualify it one little bit. No party can be dull with freaks.

A few years ago a renowned garden-party used to take place annually in London in July. Every one who had many who were asked to it and many who were not, it used to be called the Zoological Garden party, and

for sheer fun there was nothing to touch it the whole year round.

HER SPECIALITY IS PRETENSE.

In this case the hostess, now alas, dead, did not know she was entertaining freaks, but Mrs. Kirkpatrick de Closeburn is a woman with a big sense of humor and deliberately hunts for them. She will have from one end of Paris to the other to get hold of a good specimen. In London she should and a great field for the gratification of her hobby and there is no doubt whatever her salon here will be a grand success. London society is saturated with lavish entertainment. What it really wants is something novel to arouse its interest. The "freak party" bids well to be the party of the nearest future. This American hostess will unquestionably and many imitators here.

LADY PAGET TO FORE.

Lady Paget is making up for her long absence from social doings through illness. Just now she is more to be feared than she has ever been. One of the most successful parties of the winter season was her "fancy head" show the other night, which was expressly organized for the Russian invasion. An artist came from Paris to arrange the hostess' head. Some of the guests knowing he was coming took the opportunity to engage his services. He is extraordinarily successful in this kind of thing and charges about \$25 for a design and fixing it up on the individual. The great thing to be acquired in connection with "fancy heads" is quaintness if not positive ugliness and above all originality. Men, of course, wear "fancy heads" as well as women. There is quite a fortune in store for a clever artist who can "do" heads in London as this fad for parties is the one of the great notions during this year.

SHE IS HOMESICK.

By the way, talking of Lady Paget, reminds me that her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Paget, is very sick of Bangkok and is pining to come back to England. This is somewhat rough on her husband who likes his post there. He is now seeking something else to do in England, if possible. As his American mother-in-law has such great influence in high places there is likely to be little difficulty in providing him with a fresh appointment though he is bound to stay on at Bangkok until the spring when he brings his wife home.

SMART WEDDING NO JOKE.

Miss Padelford, who will have changed her name to that of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Grosvenor by the time this reaches you, considers she has been very badly treated by her own countrywomen, three of whom had promised to be of the party. Margaret Drexel also gave her word of honor to stand by the bride on the momentous occasion and so did Miss Carter. The latter two have also expressed their regret to see Miss Padelford married. This meant that at the last moment the bride-to-be had to go hunting up fresh girls to act in the capacity.

I don't know what your smart wedding are like in America, but in London they are no joke. Indeed, I have known brides so utterly worn out with the preparations for their nuptials as to look positively 19 years old, then they were when the great day came round. A smart wedding is really one of the greatest sources of worry to all concerned. Bridesmaids invariably cause much trouble over the selection of frocks. This is a foregone conclusion when it is remembered from 10 to 12 young women have all to agree about the color of a sash or the shape of a chapel.

The reception will be a sumptuous affair and is taking place at Mrs. Ernest Cunard's house in Portman Square. The flowers alone will cost \$5,000, most of them coming by special train from the continent.

LADY MARY.

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU.

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Cure will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

The family was discussing the personal appearance of its latest addition. Each one of the new baby's features was taken up in turn and classified as resembling most closely the same feature in father, mother, aunt, or grandfather. At last all of the baby's peculiarities of appearance had been satisfactorily traced to their source, except, of course, the eyes. "Luz," that served as its hair, seeing that no one present claimed responsibility for the color of the newcomer's hair, four-year-old Johnny, who had found out that his mother pasteurized plants to make a few words with the scene-painter, also remembered that night when, during a performance (luckily the curtain was down), the manager by the prompt emptying of a huge can of paint, water color, of course, prevented what could not otherwise have failed to have been a terrible fire. It was a can of white (Provo chalk), and never was an act more effectual. It simply smothered the flames of the coal-oil-saturated wood.

THE HOME DRAMATIC.

Anything about the Home Dramatic club? Yes, a few words about that too. The three last scenes which the writer executed for the Salt Lake theater stage were, Deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, for the Home Opera company, a palace scene and a scene at a chateau by moonlight winter, with Paris illuminated in the background. The last named two were for the play of "The Banker's Daughter" produced by the Home Dramatic club. These names bring up to me another and later set of memories and faces, and of another generation. Culture and Whittier were managers for the Home Dramatic, and I suppose have most everyone remembers the personnel of the company itself. By the way, it appears that the theater does not shift one for the specialties of life after all. Think of the position held in the community by several of the Deseret Dramatic association and those of the Home Dramatic club! Go over it in your mind—not a bad showing. A pleasant, little thing (the vanity) the ruined chateau by moonlight was received by the audience with a round of applause. So the man in the painted gallery, after having executed miles upon miles of scenery, made his adieu.

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NATHAN STRAUS'S PASTEURIZED MILK LABORATORY IN HEIDELBERG, GERMANY. Which is Similar to Those He Has Established in the United States.

American Plans To Save English Babies.

Nathan Straus, Well Known Philanthropist, Undertakes to Supply Pasteurized Milk Plant, Free of Charge, to any Town in the United Kingdom Complying with Conditions—Eminent Health Officer Employed.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—If the statements of medical men, competent to speak with authority on the subject, be accepted, thousands of English babies will be saved from death in infancy by a charitable scheme which has been introduced into this country by an American philanthropist, Nathan Straus, brother of Oscar P. Straus, secretary of commerce and labor in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Americans are familiar with the beneficent work Mr. Straus has done in his own land by means of the "Estate" which formed the basis for legislation for the protection of infant life, at the last session of parliament. He has been medical officer of health at Huddersfield for six years and for eight years before that he was assistant medical officer at Liverpool. Both are great industrial cities and Dr. Moore was appalled by the death rate among the children of the women who had to work in the mills and factories. In 1905, he secured the co-operation of the mayor of Huddersfield, Mr. B. Broadbent, and together they secured the passage through parliament of a "private" bill empowering the authorities of Huddersfield to compel the notification to them of all births within 48 hours of their occurrence. A corps of women visitors and trained nurses was appointed and as soon as a birth was notified one of them called on the mother and offered advice on the care of the child. The first effort was to induce the mother to feed the child naturally, but if circumstances made this impossible advice was given as to the best methods of artificial feeding. Breast feeds were made and if the child did not thrive, Dr. Moore was notified and either he or one of his assistants called and treated the child.

EXTENDS WORK TO ENGLAND.

Now he is extending his philanthropic work to England, and as usual he is proceeding on generous lines. He has engaged Dr. S. G. Moore, the medical officer of health of Huddersfield, one of the great manufacturing towns of the north of England, to take charge of his scheme in this country. Dr. Moore's work will be literally to give away milk pasteurizing plants to any town or borough or city that will undertake to run them, and to instruct the local officials how to operate them. Dr. Moore will assign his appointment of health of Huddersfield, and has been offered a salary of \$5,000 a year and will devote his whole time to Mr. Straus' philanthropic undertaking. It is said that Mr. Straus has doubled Dr. Moore's salary and has made provisions for the continuance of the work even in the event of his death.

DR. MOORE'S WORK.

There is probably no better known

public health authority in England than Dr. Moore. He is the author of what is known as the "Huddersfield Experiment" which formed the basis for legislation for the protection of infant life, at the last session of parliament. He has been medical officer of health at Huddersfield for six years and for eight years before that he was assistant medical officer at Liverpool. Both are great industrial cities and Dr. Moore was appalled by the death rate among the children of the women who had to work in the mills and factories. In 1905, he secured the co-operation of the mayor of Huddersfield, Mr. B. Broadbent, and together they secured the passage through parliament of a "private" bill empowering the authorities of Huddersfield to compel the notification to them of all births within 48 hours of their occurrence. A corps of women visitors and trained nurses was appointed and as soon as a birth was notified one of them called on the mother and offered advice on the care of the child. The first effort was to induce the mother to feed the child naturally, but if circumstances made this impossible advice was given as to the best methods of artificial feeding. Breast feeds were made and if the child did not thrive, Dr. Moore was notified and either he or one of his assistants called and treated the child.

RESULTS ASTONISH ENGLAND.

Dr. Moore, of course, knew in the beginning what the effect of his work was going to be, but to say that it astonished England is putting the matter mildly. Other local authorities woke up and tried to institute like systems of notification of births, but found that they had not the power to compel the doctors and midwives to do so. Then they applied to parliament and a new law went into effect on Jan. 1st, empowering any local authority to make the notification of births with-

in 36 hours compulsory. Half the towns and cities in England have already announced their intention of taking advantage of the new law.

PLANTS COST \$1,000.

This is the man then whom Mr. Straus has engaged to carry on his work of saving infant lives, and to whom he has given carte blanche in the matter of expense. Each plant costs \$1,000 and is capable of providing milk for 220 children every day. Dr. Moore has power to give and install one of these plants free of charge in any town in this country, the only condition being that the local authority shall undertake to work it and provide the milk free for poor mothers. Already Huddersfield, Belfast and Huddersfield have complied with the conditions and negotiations are in progress with several of the London boroughs and the other large towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Mr. Straus offered a plant to Dublin through his friend, Richard Croker, who is now a resident of that city, but the matter was made a political one and the offer has not yet been accepted. At present Mr. Straus has 20 plants ready to give away. Any town in England which will comply with his conditions can have its pure milk plant for nothing.

I saw Dr. Moore a few days ago in London. He was enthusiastic over the work which he is about to undertake. "There can be no truer philanthropy," he said, "than this plan of milk distribution inaugurated by Mr. Straus. It purges one, and the health of the infant is a matter of public concern. The child is truly the father of the man, and a weakly and sickly child cannot be expected to grow up a strong and efficient man or woman."

MAYNARD EVANS.

BARONESS SUICIDES

BECAUSE BEAUTY FADES.

Special Correspondence.

BUCHAREST, Jan. 27.—Cold in death lies Baroness von Schwartz, the famous Roumanian beauty and millionaire. Despite her wealth, her position, her fame, her funeral will be at midnight by the light of flaring torches and her body will lie in unconsecrated ground. For she is dead by her own hand—a suicide.

Fear of old age and the loss of her

Beauty drove her to death. There is no mystery about the tragedy which has caused so intense a sensation throughout Roumania. The baroness left a letter in which she stated the plain facts—that she could not bear to survive her good looks.

Baroness, indeed, was her life. She was the daughter of humble parents. Her father kept a little village store. His daughter's beauty developed early. It was extraordinary. A wealthy Russian, Count Tatischev, traveling through the section, came face to face with the peasant girl in her native village. He was captivated immediately, sought out her parents and then and there, although she was only 16, married her.

As the Countess Tatischev her beauty blossomed out and dazzled the capitals of Europe. In Petersburg, in Vienna, in Bucharest, Buda-Pesth she was the ravens of the social world, a quarter of a century of married life, the count died, leaving his entire fortune, over five millions of dollars, to the countess.

As a widow, barely 40 years old, her ripened beauty still reigned supreme. To her charms was now added her wealth, and suitors for her hand were many. The lucky man was an Austrian nobleman, Baron von Schwitzer.

The baron and baroness lived for the past dozen years at the latter's castle at Crapora. Little by little the baroness aged. Her beauty began to fade with the ravages of time. She spent large sums on aids to beauty, on hair dyes, on face creams and employed skilled maids and masseuses. But no beauty doctors could banish her 50 or more years. The baroness sorrowed over the loss of her dazzling beauty. She no longer captivated the gaze of men.

She brooded so much over advancing years that melancholy as in some weeks ago the baroness attempted to kill herself by taking poison but her attempt was discovered in time and her life saved. Determined to die, the other day she secured her husband's revolver and with it blew out her brains. The tragedy occurred at Crapora.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., "Times," writes: "In my opinion Foley's Kidney Cure is the best remedy for kidney troubles, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Kidney Cure has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvelous." Refuse any but the genuine, the only one, F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

WAR TO DEATH

AGAINST RATS

Science Has Pronounced the Sentence and Busy Little Rodents Must Go.

ARE DECLARED A MENACE

So Formidable That Nothing Short of Complete Extermination Will Satisfy Human Progress Requirements.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Science has pronounced sentence of death against rats. They have been declared a menace to mankind so formidable that nothing short of their complete extermination can satisfy the requirements of human progress. Their creation, it seems, was a mistake. Their continued survival has only multiplied the proof of their unfitness for existence in the modern world. They have got to go—every last one of them. And the Society for the Extermination of Vermin has been duly formed, organized, constituted, and all the rest of it, to rid these islands of them.

Doubtless the cables have already

flashed to America the bald story of the formation of the society and its fell purpose. It was at the Hotel Metropole, the other night, while pleasure-loving Londoners, unwitting of the dire disaster that threatened them from the myriads of rats flooding the theaters and music halls, that the decree of extermination against the rats was pronounced. Sir James Clifton Brown, an eminent physician who has little faith in the efficacy of drugs, but great faith in the value of preventive measures, presided. Enthusiastic anti-rat speakers followed and he indicated the rat at the bar of civilization. He described the familiar rodent as an awful thing, viller and more poisonous than the serpent—the disseminator of plagues and the cause of untold misery. "A ghastly garbager, wholly terror of the human race, the rat is a creature of the most revolting and disgusting habits," he said. "One pair of rats, he said, under favorable conditions would produce 800, each one of which might become a vehicle of the most awful scourge that could inflict humanity."

RESPONSIBLE FOR PLAGUE.

The rat, he told his audience, had been proven to be mainly responsible for the propagation of the plague in India and had been the cause of the death of five and a quarter millions of people. "The rat is a great reservoir of diseases, and the plague was to be got rid of by the extermination of the rat—stamp out the rat."

Sir James called upon the assembly to adopt the role of the modern Pledge Piper. He advised all earnest rat-exterminators to avail themselves of the discovery of Dr. F. Clifton Brown, a distinguished Frenchman, that a deadly virus, harmless to other animals, when spread on bread and cheese, or on food of any kind, made him ill—very ill indeed. And after a certain time it afflicted him with a feverish chill, or fresh air and open spaces. Then the poison crawled forth from his hole to die with his tail in knots and his little pink eyes staring with agony. Meanwhile he had spread the disease (antitoxins) to all the neighboring families, and presently they became possessed with the craving for fresh air, and out they came to die the dreadful death. It was war without mercy and no quarter—that Sir James waged against the rat. Therefore he would not depend on the deadly virus alone. Clifton Brown, he said, was a man of science, a man of letters, a man of affairs—anybody that would ruthlessly employ against them. As a motto for the society he suggested this quotation from "Hamlet": "Low now! A Rat? Dead for a London!"

LONDON'S RAT CENSUS.

One enthusiastic anti-rat declared that London was the greatest rat city in the world. He said there were six millions of them in the city. Just how he managed to take a census of them he told not. Dr. F. Clifton Brown ventured to dispute his figures, but his assertion that the existence of such a vast army of rats constituted a disgrace to the metropolis of the world which could import from England, given time and chance he thought the Salvation Army cats, by killing off the rats, would accomplish a great deal in combating the plague in India.

"Breeding cats to get rid of rats is just time and money wasted," snorted a sceptic. "I reckon we've got two or three hundred thousand cats in London and we've just been told we have six million rats here. How do you think I prove you can't fight rats with cats? I don't know anything about logic. Cats ain't going to do any better in India than they do in London. I'm for giving 'em the French poison and I don't care how much it hurts 'em."

SOCIETY ORGANIZED.

Sir Lauder Brunton, another learned physician, whose specialty is the digestive organs, formed the nucleus of the society by which the National Society for the Extermination of Vermin was ushered into existence. It was carried with one dissenting vote. That came from a woman in the rear of the hall, and she declared that the courage of her convictions. She mounted the platform and made a little speech. She protested against the flimsy cruelty involved in the killing of rats by the Daney virus. She didn't pretend to know much about science, but she would back the Creator against all the learned scientists present. The Creator never made a mistake, and when He created rats He had created them for some wise purpose. What it was the scientists might find out for their cost if they succeeded in killing off all the rats. Science should be guided by the scientist themselves, the rats were not responsible for the spread of the plague. It was the fleas and it was wrong to visit one sin of the fleas on the rats. Science should do some means of killing the fleas without killing the rats.

One movement always begets another and in due time, no doubt, there will be formed a Rat Protection association.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE

SALT LAKE THEATRE

(Continued from page thirteen)

parts on the mimic stage). Still the thought that comes of monetary competition was left out. I remember Aseneth Adams wedding day. She came up on the paint gallery and passed a few words with the scene-painter, also remembered that night when, during a performance (luckily the curtain was down), the manager by the prompt emptying of a huge can of paint, water color, of course, prevented what could not otherwise have failed to have been a terrible fire. It was a can of white (Provo chalk), and never was an act more effectual. It simply smothered the flames of the coal-oil-saturated wood.

THE HOME DRAMATIC.

Anything about the Home Dramatic club? Yes, a few words about that too. The three last scenes which the writer executed for the Salt Lake theater stage were, Deck of H. M. S. Pinafore, for the Home Opera company, a palace scene and a scene at a chateau by moonlight winter, with Paris illuminated in the background. The last named two were for the play of "The Banker's Daughter" produced by the Home Dramatic club. These names bring up to me another and later set of memories and faces, and of another generation. Culture and Whittier were managers for the Home Dramatic, and I suppose have most everyone remembers the personnel of the company itself. By the way, it appears that the theater does not shift one for the specialties of life after all. Think of the position held in the community by several of the Deseret Dramatic association and those of the Home Dramatic club! Go over it in your mind—not a bad showing. A pleasant, little thing (the vanity) the ruined chateau by moonlight was received by the audience with a round of applause. So the man in the painted gallery, after having executed miles upon miles of scenery, made his adieu.

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proposed to his wife. Sensible man! It is sometimes wise to look backward along the road, even if we mean to go forward. But what has this to do with my reminiscences of the Salt Lake theater?

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What voice was that? As the writer came down the stairs that other day, from the darkening paint-gallery, he heard the words. No need to tell of personal retrospect. A friend, a dear, old citizen, whom I met on the street, not long ago, told me that he had just been to visit the spot where he had

proposed to his wife. Sensible man! It is sometimes wise to look backward along the road, even if we mean to go forward. But what has this to do with my reminiscences of the Salt Lake theater?

REMINISCENCES OF THE

SALT LAKE THEATRE